And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprouedſt me for it.

Hell. Alaſſe ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheekes,
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop their tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releeue them,
I thought it princely charity to greeue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen me leaue to ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iuſtly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who eyther by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. VVee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe Letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe,
The care I had and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue ſo round and ſafe,
That time of both this truth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere muſt I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hanged at home:

it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſc
on, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, de
hee might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee hee
ſome reaſon for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, h
bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You ſhall not need, my fellow-Peeres of *Tyre*, fur
to queſtion me of your Kings departure: his ſealed Com
ſion left in truſt with me, doth ſpeake ſufficiently, hee's gor
trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were
licenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome ligh
to you: Being at *Antioch*,

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* (on what cauſe I know not) took
diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he iudged ſo: and doubting tha
had erred or ſinned, to ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct h
ſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the ſhip-mans toyle, with wh
each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. VVell, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hanged now, altho
I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe:
ſcapte the Land, to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe, P
to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with meſſage vnto Princely *Peric*
but ſince my landing I haue vnderſtood, your Lord hath
tooke himſelfe to vnknowne trauailes, my meſſage muſt ret
from whence it came.

Hell. VVe haue no reaſon to deſire it, commended to our
fter. not to vs; yet ere you ſhall depart, this wee deſire as fri
to *Antioch*, we may feaſt in *Tyre*. *Exe*